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SPARKS

FROM THE ANVIL

BY

WM. YANCEY ERWIN

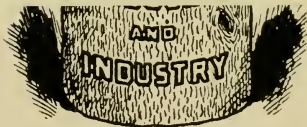


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BY WM YANCEY ERWIN

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL
OF
THOUGHT AND INDUSTRY

—BY—



WM. YANCEY ERWIN, Author of
"ORIGINAL POEMS, RHYMES AND ACROSTICS"
AND
"WANETKA AND OTHER POEMS"

PRICE 25 CENTS

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W. Y. E.

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ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

ASHLAND.

Acrostic.

A thousand fact'ry whistles sing
Sweet anthems, in the early morn.
How glad the tidings that they bring:
Labor hear—Thy day is born!
A thousand bells and hammers ring,
Now we hear the glad refrain:
Day's work ended; home again!

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READ THIS.

The poems in this little book were selected more on account of their brevity than for their excellence.

The large volumes, "Wanetka and Other Poems," and "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics," have won flattering commendations from the press and the reading public in general wherever they have been introduced. Teachers, parents and pupils alike are captivated with them.

The large volumes are handled by the Teachers' Supply Co., of Grayson, Ky., and will be furnished at the following prices, to-wit:

"Wanetka and Other Poems," \$1.50.

"Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics," \$1.00.

THE AUTHOR.

GIVE IT NOW.

Wait not, reader, 'til the angels
 Waft the toiler's spirit home;
If you give a wreath to crown him,
 Give it ere he reach the tomb.

After death, all want is ended,
 And he'll heed not what is said;
While he lives and labors for thee,
 Give him raiment, give him bread.

MENTAL TELEPATHY

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

Oh, whispering breeze,
As you waft o'er the seas,
Like a messenger sent from above,
Pause in your flight,
And for me tonight,
Bear a message to one that I love.

With your load of perfume,
You may enter her room,
And I know she will welcome your call;
If she sleeps, drive away
All the cares of the day,
Let no visions affright her, at all.

But, when she's at ease,
O, whispering breeze,
Then fan, with soft zephyrs, her brow;
In a dream, let her see
This message from me,
With love, fill her heart, for me now.

Then whispering breeze,
Waft back o'er the seas,
And bring me a loving reply,
From the maid that I love,
So far, far above
Any other 'neath the blue sky.

Thus heart talks to heart,
Though sunder'd apart,
In countries divided by seas,
Forbidden to write,
They dream ev'ry night,
And talk to the whispering breeze.

—:—

Wm. Yancey Erwin, whom many of our readers will remember as the poet who visited this city a few years ago, is again in our midst with a fresh volume of beautiful verse, entitled, "Wanetka and Other Poems." The book is embellished with eleven full page engravings made expressly for it and is printed on half tone paper.

The author has in this work fully maintained his reputation for variety of subject and terseness of expression. The book cannot fail to commend itself to teachers and parents on account of its picturesque language and high moral tone. The Rev. Chas. Lee Reynolds, D. D., L. L. D., in an extensive review of the work says of Mr. Erwin: "He has combined the genius of a dramatic epic and lyric poet in one man and one book."—The Register, Richmond, Ky.

THE ROSEBUD THAT I NEVER GOT.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

She had fern leaves, pinks and roses,
In an unique flower pot;
And I begged her for a wee bud,
But that bud I never got.

For the maid who own'd that boquet,
Was as firm as any knot,
And though long with her I pleaded,
Yet that bud I never got.

Now my heart is crush'd and bleeding,
And I wish that I had not
Ask'd for such a valued keepsake,
As that bud I never got.

If I knew my words offended,
And she hoped I'd die and rot,
I could not avoid my longing
For that bud I never got.

May the life be full of pleasure
Of her who form'd the plot,
To create in me desirings
For the bud I never got.

May her eyes look on in pity,
And in lieu to me allot,
Her kind heart's true affection,
For that bud I never got.

Then my fondest hope accomplish'd,
I would from my mem'ry blot,
All the sadness that I suffer'd,
O'er that bud I never got.

For then, though trees bore roses,
In all seasons, cold and hot,
I'd pass them by unmention'd
For the sweeter bloom I got.

My 'raptured soul would linger,
Around the sacred spot,
Where rosebuds were denied me,
But her smiles, in lieu, I got.

Then all life's former blessings,
Would be but as a dot,
Compared to suns and planets,
When love with her I got.

—:—

"Mr. Erwin is author of a volume of poems entitled: 'Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics.' His ambition has always been to appeal to the heart with the simplest words."
—Journal and Tribune, Knoxville, Tenn.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Some dainty hand of maiden fair—
As stories go—once on a time,
Amid the sunlight and the air,
Set out a honeysuckle vine;
And when it grew it overspread
The fence, and form'd a verdant shed,
Of foliage green and blossoms red.

Some humming birds were wont to come,
At morn and eve to suck the flowers,
And thus supply with sweets their home,
Extracted from those lovely flowers.
And, Oh! what pleasure 'tis to see
Those little birds, so merrily
Fly to their nest, in nearby tree.

That nest, though swung 'neath one frail leaf,
Exposed to ev'ry birdlet foe,
Nor blasted hope nor other grief,
We trust its inmates ere may know.
May God e'er keep that little nest,
Free from harm, and thus attest
That homes of love, by Him, are blest.

Let us from these small humming birds,
This lesson learn: True love is shown
Plainer by our acts than words,
And by kind deeds our love make known.
Then midst life's verdant leafy bowers,
We'll shine like honeysuckle flowers,
And other lives be blest by ours.

—:—

“Part second is composed of poems and couplets of an historic and patriotic nature; one, “The Dark and Bloody Ground,” is a record of the author's keen observations while passing from west to east across our own loved State of Kentucky.

The historic department begins with the following beautiful lines:

‘We add new pages day by day,
Through battles lost and won,
To that immortal history,
By Adam first begun;
And he who would win lasting fame,
Must champion the right,
And on those pages grave his name
By deeds of love, not might.’

We deem this an appropriate time to reproduce his poem “The Big Stick,” (meaning our army and navy), which has been so successfully wielded by our retiring president in defense of the genius of American institutions.”—Lexington, Ky., Leader.

THE BIG STICK.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

When Uncle Sam was very young,
A hero, named George Washington,
Was first to teach the world the trick
To freedom win with a Big Stick,
The sticks on which he'd most rely
Were, "Trust in God," and "Powder Dry."

But Jefferson was wiser still,
He made a pen of goose's quill,
And wrote a constitution bold,
To us more sacred far than gold;
He trusted not in stone or brick
But used his pen as a Big Stick.

Andrew Jackson was the man
Who first 'gainst corporations ran;
When South Carolina nullified
He, in his anger, loudly cried,
"I'll make you of your actions sick,
With my well season'd hick'ry stick."

Alas! in eighteen sixty-one
A cloud of war obscured the sun;
The South a mighty army raised
'Gainst Lincoln, whom the North all praised;

So North and South refused to mix
'Till both had tried their biggest sticks.

But now the North and South are wed,
And Roosevelt is our nation's head;
Some egotists are always ready
To criticise a man like Teddy,
Who softly speaks, yet knows no trick,
Commands respect like a Big Stick.

Should other powers our rights assail,
To use that Stick we will not fail,
Nor will we spend an idle hour
While giants crush a weaker power;
But shield it from the giant's licks,
By interposing our Big Sticks.

—:—

“Part third is composed of religious and temperance poems, many of which are of a high order of merit and have only to be read to be appreciated. In ‘Nature’s God,’ and ‘Unsounded Depths,’ Mr. Erwin has displayed great powers of imagery. The volume closes with a poem entitled, ‘The Old Spring House.’ The work is illustrated with many full page engravings made expressly for it, and we predict for the book a large sale and permanent place in the affections of lovers of poetry.”—Lexington, Ky., Leader.

CUPID AND HYMEN

From "Winnika, and Other Poems."

Since just how many years ago
The musty records fail to show,
The story that we here relate
Must needs begin without a date.

But Venus, then a lovely maid,
Was unto Cypress thus convey'd,
A gentle zephyr in the spring,
Bore her upon its downy wing,
And doubtless, for the best of reasons,
She wore a dress made by the seasons.

They brought her to the house of gods,
Who greeted her with smiles and nods,
Each of whom would risk his life
To win such beauty for a wife.

But Jupiter abhorred a dude,
And so, to show his gratitude
To Labor for its worthy pride,
Gave her to Vulcan for a bride,
Critics vow'd his act was stupid,
Thus they dwarf'd her baby-cupid.

But Vulcan, Cupid's father, though,
Made for the little lad, a bow
And from Pandora's box of sorrows
Selected tips to point his arrows.

He taught the lad just how to shoot
To pierce the heart of man and brute,
And e'en the birds that come his way,
Are, by him, made an easy prey.

A flame of love in ev'ry heart
Is kindled by his magic dart;
Thus Hymen finds much work to do
In making one heart out of two.

—::—

“ Wm. Yancey Erwin, the poet, and his estimable wife, of Lexington, were callers at the Independent office today and informed us that they will remain in our city until after the Christmas holidays, as they are meeting with much deserved success in the sale of Mr. Erwin's two volumes of poetry, “Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics,” and “Wanetka, and Other Poems.” Mr. Erwin is recognized by many critics as an author of marked ability and the beauty and purity of his poems, combined with the popular subjects treated, render them valuable additions to any library and appropriate gift books.”—Ashland, Ky., Independent.

AMBITION.

From "Waukena, and Other Poems."

Ambition, left alone to plan
Would monster make of any man;
What men call fame, too oft, would be
Attained through deeds of infamy.
Ambition cares not for the right,
But glories in the rule of might.

No laurel crown should mark the place,
Ambition shows her haughty face;
And yet it seemeth passing queer,
Each plumed knight and cavalier
Who ventures out to conquer fame,
Takes orders from that cruel dame.

Ambition never sees the wrong
Of robbing weak to aid the strong;
Yet unskill'd hands oft mold the ball
That o'er Ambition spreads a pall;
Great Caesar, conqueror of Rome,
Met death by traitor hands, at home.

A throne of swords with jeweled hilt,
For Alexander once was built.

'Twas emblem of a conquer'd world,
Opposing power no flag unfurled;
Ambition, still not satisfied,
For other conquests, loudly cried.

Ambition led Napoleon
To Waterloo, where Britain won;
And hence, an exile he must be,
Deprived the boon of liberty.
Ambition never finds the goal,
Where satisfaction fills the soul.

Pizarro fought for many years,
And bath'd Peru in blood and tears;
And, though Peru doth still exist,
An honored name Pizarro miss'd.
Ambition dug the pit of hell,
Where such as those must ever dwell.

A shepherd boy in war untaught,
To death an evil giant brought.
And still one advocate of right,
Can put a host of wrong to flight.
Through deeds of boundless charity,
Christ won the crown of victory.

And he who would true fame possess
Must seek and aid those in distress;

Just follow Christ, from day to day,
And put all evil thoughts away,
The fame that comes to such, will be
As lasting as eternity!

—:—

“‘Wanetka, and Other Poems,’ is the title of a volume of delightful poems now before us from the pen of the gifted poet, William Yancey Erwin, now a resident of Lexington.

To those who have read his first volume, Mr. Erwin needs no introduction, as it is of sufficient merit to impress their minds and make them eagerly await his latest effort, which is written in the easy and eloquent style for which Mr. Erwin is noted. There is nothing trite or long-drawn-out about it, but every line is fresh, bristling with new and poignant thought expressed in Mr. Erwin’s inimitable style. The book is divided into three sections. Part first begins with an exceedingly interesting Indian legend from which the work derives its title. This story is full of romance, love and tragedy, in which appears the following tribute to woman:

‘Not long must woman reason,
She simply sees and acts,
And, by mere intuition
She grasps all needful facts.
This power to her God giveth,
This fine and subtle sense;
For weaker constitution,
’Tis nature’s recompense.’

—Lexington, Ky., Leader.”

AUTUMN LEAVES.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

We have often seen in autumn,
The woods, when leaves were red,
And listened to the cawing crow,
While on the mast he fed.

We've tried in vain to praise in song,
That season of the year,
But, when we know soon follows death,
Our grief brings forth a tear.

First chill, then fever, brought the glow
Of crimson to their face;
Soon cold in death beneath the snow,
They'll find a hiding place.

Oh! who could contemplate that scene,
And not this lesson learn,
That death some day will hide away,
Our ashes in an urn.

Then what remains of us, will be
The good or evil done,
To those with whom we come in touch
While here, our race, we run.

Oh! may that picture of our lives
Reveal no deeds of shame,
But may it, like the autumn leaves,
Shine bright with well earned fame.

"William Yancey Erwin, author of 'Original Poems, Rhymes and Aerostics,' called at our sanctum and presented ye editor a copy of his book, which is a neat volume of pleasing verse on a great variety of subjects, among which may be mentioned Love, Religion, Natural Scenery, Wit, Romance, Heroism, Tragedy, etc.

Mr. Erwin is a native of Tennessee, born in the historic valley of the Chickamauga, and educated at Nashville, but is now a citizen of Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Erwin wields the pen with the hand of a master artist, drawing upon the reader's mind beautiful thought pictures that increase in interest until the happy climax is reached. The book was published for the author and is tastily bound in silk finished cloth.

Mr. Erwin and wife are making a tour of the South and will spend several days in our city."—Johnson City Const.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Yes, boys, I've been to town again,
First time for more'n a year;
Oh, no, the place is not the same,
For "drunks" nowhere appear;
When I was there two years ago,
I had a dozen fights, you know.

Yes, things have chang'd, I must confess,
And times are better now;
So Betsy and the gals can dress,
As fashion dictates how.
My pocketbook is not so lank
As when of yore, I swore and drank.

Yes, Betsy and the little ones
All went along—you see
I fear no longer petty duns,
Like those once pok'd at me;
I now can claim good men's respect,
And hold a sober head erect.

Yes, boys, it was July the fourth,
That glorious holiday,
When people South and people North
Each other meet half way.

But lemonade and pop, I think,
Were all, this time, they had to drink.

Yes, Bristol is a happy town
Since whiskey, beer and gin
No longer wear a legal crown
On head in either twin;
But both, alas! would need our **plty**,
If rum were sold in either city.

Yes, boys, 'tis true, I saw no fight,
Although I took in all,
Parades by day and shows at night,
But as I now recall,
There was in town I think, just one
Drunken cuss from Abingdon.

You know up there they sell the stuff
That made me love to fight,
But thank the Lord! I got enough,
And now I treat men right;
So, you see, I went to Bristol
Without either club or pistol.

—:—

“—— — He holds the mirror up to nature with remarkable accuracy. His religious and pathetic poems, like those of David, thrill the tender chords of the heart—— —.”

—Pineville, Ky., Echo.

MY DEAR OLD SOUTHERN HOME.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

How well do I remember
My dear old Southern home,
Where an ice bound cold December
Was never known to come.

Where the ivy and the myrtle
Wore their dress of living green;
And the robin and the turtle
Sang a love note to their queen.

Where the mocking-bird in grape-vine,
Hopp'd about on nimble legs,
And made music thro' the night time,
For his mate, who sat on eggs.

Where the oriole and sand snipe
Never cease their songs of cheer,
But day and night sweet music pipe
From end to end of year.

I remember, I remember,
The palm tree's cooling shade,
Where from April to December,
'Neath its broad leaves we have play'd.

And the pine trees, too, were many
 'Round our humble cottage home,
Where my cousins, Sue and Bennie,
 Would to see me, often come.

Now those happy days are vanish'd,
 Yet I live them o'er again;
Though in exile I am banish'd,
 Still I hear the glad refrain.

Of those happy days of childhood
 Ere the cares of life began,
And I roam again the wildwood
 And forget I am a man.

Yet there comes a sad awak'ning
 From those happy dreams of youth,
And my heart is sad and breaking
 With the knowledge of the truth,

That those days are gone forever,
 And I cannot call them back,
Though 'tis vain to try to sever
 Thoughts that dwell upon their track.

—:—

“Mr. Erwin is a talented and versatile writer; as a writer of acrostics he seems especially capable.”—The Knoxville, Tenn., Sentinel.

THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

If, to a railroad, we compare
This fleeting life of ours,
We'll find there's stations here and there,
To reach at stated hours.

If "childhood's switch" we safely pass,
We'll find at "youth" a fill,
Though overgrown with weeds and grass,
Is ever slipping still.

'Tis here, too oft, a train is wreck'd
And precious souls are lost,
The train that passes here unchecked
Does so at frightful cost.

But if we safely pass that fill,
We'll find at "manhood's" station,
Some maiden with submissive will
To ride on "transportation."

Then, soon more cars we must attach,
For business is increasing
At ev'ry station a new batch
With wants that know no ceasing.

At last the heavy grade we climb,
Slow throbs the "engine" heart,
As we approach the "end of time,"
Where we with friends must part.



"Not until we know why the rose is sweet, the dew-drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, will we know why the poet is the best benefactor of society; but certain it is that he is the divinely ordained teacher, harmonizer and consoler. Readers of poetry are not numerous, but there are always a few souls who love to know the songs of the bard and have some knowledge of what Milton has called the 'precious life blood of a master spirit.' Lexington has produced poets and is still producing them. Among the latest to claim recognition is William Yancey Erwin.

One little book, 'Original Poems,' has had no small sale and another has just come from the press, printed by Hughes, of this city, and to this most recent collection of verses Mr. Erwin has given the name, 'Wanetka, and Other Poems.'" —(Extract from an extensive review by the Rev. Charles Lee Reynolds, D. D., L. L. D., in Lexington, Ky., Herald.)

DEWEY AT MANILLA.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

On the bosom of thy waters, fair Manilla bay,
Our hero was seen at the dawn of the day,
His warships for action, were drawn up in line,
His work of destruction began at a sign.
And thus he accomplished the ruin of Spain,
At the bottom her gun boats must ever remain.

Not one of her vessels was left to escape,
To the bottom he sank them,—they're out of the scrape.
Let the harp and the lyre be tuned to proclaim
The vengeance we got, for their sinking the Maine.
Eleven for one is the price they must pay,
When collection is made by our hero—Dewey.

— :: —

"It is refreshing, rythmical and musical, treating upon subjects of everyday life, it seizes upon the heart of the reader, carrying it along with the feelings of the author, — throughout it breathes and pulsates with a christian spirit and cannot fail to be elevating to the mind of those who read it."—Gate City, Va., Herald.

"No one can read the book without being impressed with the thought of the author's fitness to take rank among the greatest poets of the present age."—"The Climax."

THE HONEY BEE.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

Among the flowers we often see
The busy little honey bee,
It flits about from flower to flower,
It sucks the sweet but leaves the sour.

Let us from it a lesson take,
And try the bee to imitate;
Our life is as a blooming tree,
And each of us a buzzing bee.

Hence, if a sweeter life we'd live,
Let us with honey fill the hive;
Yet if a foe should trouble bring,
Teach him a bee can also sting.

—:—

"The author's aptness in comparison is something remarkable; he seems to be able to draw sublime lessons from the most trivial things in nature and often clothes inanimate things with life and speech. He holds the mirror up to nature with remarkable accuracy. No lover of true harmony can fail to be fascinated with it."—Woodford, Ky., Sun.

THE HYACINTH.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

A Spartan youth, whose blood was shed,
Gave title to the hyacinth;
And so, a yearly feast was spread,
At which this flower, blue and red,
Was worn in wreaths on ev'ry head
Of Spartan dweller in Corinth.

No ancient legend guides my pen
When I compare this flower with thee;
I class myself with other men
Whose sense of duty bids them, when
They find a worthy subject, then
To let their praise go free.

Thy kindness, like that humble flower,
Unconsciously, much fragrance sheds;
For moments spent within thy bower,
Where smiles of thine upon me shower,
Oft turns to light the darksome hour
That o'er my pathway spreads.

— :: —

"Just buy the book and read it, and you will be wiser, happier, and better. It is written in almost every style of verse known to literature."—Hartford Republican.

OUR DEPARTED MOTHER.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

Now another star is added
 To the blue ethereal dome,
Now another soul is wafted
 To its own eternal home.

Now another chair is vacant
 Where a patient mother sat,
And no mother's smile now greets us
 As we halt upon the mat.

There's a mound of earth erected
 In the sunlight and the air,
And that mound to us is sacred
 For the body dwelling there.

Yet we know the soul immortal,
 To a brighter world has flown;
And that God who gave us mother
 Had a right to claim His own.

We with patience wait the moment,—
 But the hand of time seems slow—
When our spirits, freed from bodies,
 To our mother's arms may go.

Oh! may God, who gave us being,
Through that mother here below,
Give us hearts prepared to meet Him
When from earth we, too, must go.

Although now we seem divided,
Some below and some above,
Then, again, we'll be united,—
There's no broken chords of love.

—:—

“Wanetka is the name of an Indian maiden and is the subject of the longest poem undertaken by the author in the volume bearing that name, and is the history of a beautiful Indian maiden and white youth. Four parts divide the story which is a thrilling legend told in tuneful verse. The book Mr. Erwin has put into three classes, to-wit: ‘Poems of Romance, Love and Mirth;’ ‘Poems, Historic and Patriotic;’ and ‘Poems of Religion and Temperance.’ Thus he has shown that he has more than one string to his harp. He has combined the genius of a dramatic, epic, lyric and dialect poet in one man and one book. Among the poems of mirth is one on the postal card craze and is called ‘Postalitis,’ and another, ‘The Merry Widow Hat,’ is perhaps a little more recent as an obnoxious nuisance. He says, ‘They roll their scanty tresses, Round a form they call a rat; And they don the gayest dresses, With the Merry Widow Hat.’”—(Extract from a lengthy review by Chas. Lee Reynolds, D. D., L. L. D.)

EDEN.

'Way back when Old Time, as an infant, began,
Out of dust, in His wisdom, God made a man;
He gave him a phosphorus cave for a home,
With stalagmite seats and a stalactite dome;
The scenes were so pleasant that greeted his eyes,
He 'graved hieroglyphics which read Paradise.

God planted a garden nearby on the east,
The cravings of man to supply with a feast;
The fruit of one tree from the man He reserved,
In it was a secret He wanted preserved,
Of right and of wrong it gave better knowledge
Than man has since ever learn'd in a college.

The fruit of that tree gave a knowledge of sin,
Convicting of wrong by a conscience within.
The duty of man was the garden to dress,
And keep it from being a dense wilderness;
But Adam, the man he so cunningly made,
Look'd lonesome to God, as he work'd at his trade.

He saw by the light of the sun as it shone,
That man was a failure if left all alone;
So anxious was He affection to show man,
He made from man's rib, a beautiful woman;
To cheer him with love, to Adam He brought her;
Thus Adam and Eve were God's son and daughter.

SHINAR.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

He dies as the fool dieth,
And few will mourn his loss,
Who unjust rules applieth,
The tyrant, king or boss.

He sleeps in death as soundly
As the humble beggars sleep;
Though eulogies, profoundly,
Cause e'en his foes to weep.

Though shaft of finest marble
May mark his lowly bed,
And song birds sweetly warble
On boughs above his head,

The beggar's unshriv'd body,
Which sleeps in grave unkept,
Who spent his all for toddy,
And liv'd and died unwept,

Is now as free from sorrow
As he, who wore a crown;
Death had for him no horror,
It simply laid him down.

He laid not up great treasure
 'Gainst want that might not come;
His life was spent in pleasure,
 Though squalid was his home.

And now he sleeps contented,
 Though none his death regret,
Save he, from whom he rented,
 Who goes without his debt.

No sculptor 'graves deep letters
 For him in shaft so tall,
Still death, with equal fetters,
 Must bind the great and small.

—:—

“The most ambitious of the religious poems is the first, called ‘Nature’s God,’ in which the poet argues against the doctrine of evolution, or that matter was a cause for the origin of the world, and declares:

‘If worlds by chance in orbits roll,
And each is part of one grand whole;
Why cannot skeptics upward glance
And see, by faith, a God in chance;
The starting point of either name,
When reached by faith is found the same.’

“‘Galilee’ and ‘Eden’ are the subjects of two other fine religious poems.”—(From review by Chas. Lee Reynolds, D. D., L. L. D.)

MY TYPO.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

There's a girl in old Kentucky—
If you know her you are lucky,
For she's handsome as they ever get to be;
Now I'd give my ev'ry penny
Just to see thee darling Bennie,
For I love no other girl but thee.

With her hands, so soft and tender,
And her fingers, long and slender,
She has handled many metal types for me;
So I'd give my ev'ry penny
Just to see thee, darling Bennie,
For I love no other girl but thee.

When the verdant earth is springing,
And the nightingale is singing,
And all nature joins in sweetest melody;
Then I'd give my ev'ry penny
Just to see thee, darling Bennie,
For I love no other girl but thee.

When the sun is seen in morning,
With its crimson streaks of warning,

That a storm we may expect to see;
Then I'd give my ev'ry penny
Just to see thee, darling Bennie,
For I love no other girl but thee.

When the ev'ning shades are falling,
And each mate to mate is calling,
Could I hear thee fondly calling unto me;
Then I'd give my ev'ry penny
Just to see thee, darling Bennie,
For I love no other girl but thee.

And if life with me were ending,
And the angel songs were blending,
With the music that my Bennie made for me;
Then I'd give my ev'ry penny
Unto thee, my darling Bennie,
For I love no other girl but thee.

—:—

“Temperance is treated in a number of verses which are full of an appeal and a warning. Kentucky is severely criticised in some verses with an interrogatory title ‘What Makes Kentucky Great?’ Women, Whiskey, Races and Shooting are referred to as the four great emblems of the state,—a truth we must accept, but with sadness.

“The last poem of the collection is an ode to the ‘Old Spring House,’ both religion and temperance, with a touch of idyllic love are included in these final verses.”—(Rev. Chas. Lee Reynolds, D. D., L. L. D.)

DAYS OF YORE.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

As in the evening twilight dim,
I dream of by-gone days,
Thy lovely form doth seem to swim
Before my 'raptured gaze.

I strive to clasp in fond embrace,
That form, and bid it stay;
But just as nature hides her face,
The vision fades away.

And I, in deepest gloom, am left
To battle life alone,
Of hope and joy I am bereft
Since thou from me art gone.

A candle snuffed, I seem to be
A marshes' meteor lamp;
A bursted bubble on life's sea,
A giant bound with cramp.

Since thou art gone, I realize
That life means more than living,

A heart that's full of sympathies
Takes pleasure in forgiving.

But since life's struggles thou hast past,
And cross'd the darksome river,
My barque must drift with broken mast,
I've lost my "Bow and Quiver."

I feel a void earth cannot fill
In chasm dark and deep;
Where mind must grope without a will,
Where eyes must know no sleep.

—:—

"By extensive travel and keen observation, Mr. Erwin has acquired a store of knowledge possessed by few of our countrymen, and he has already obtained considerable notoriety as a deep thinker and fluent talker by his many lectures and recitations at local public functions, and we predict that he will experience no difficulty in disposing of the five thousand copies of his poems which he is now having printed in this city. The title, 'Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics,' is suggestive of the character of the work which consists of poems and acrostics on love, romance, heroism, tragedy, wit, humor, history and pathos."—Evansville (Ind.), Courier.

THE MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Come all ye Modern Woodmen,
With beattle, axe and wedge;
Clear first the vine lock'd jungle,
Around the forest's edge!

Then strike with manly vigor,
The giant oak and pine,
From them hew out the timber
To build a Woodman Shrine.

Square well each stick of timber
Before you work it in;
Our temple must be holy,
And free from taint of sin.

Pile on the chips and juggles,
And make the camp-fire shine;
The tripod needs attention!
Observe each Woodman sign!

Let hands and hearts be open,
Protecting care to give
To those of ev'ry nation
A Woodman's life will live.

So haste to join the Woodmen;
Be honest, just and true;
Then, if you need assistance,
'Twill surely come to you.

—:—

“A very cheering and refreshing book of poetry by Wm. Yancey Erwin (author of ‘Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics,’) has been placed on our desk. This volume of 217 pages is composed of many poems, every one of which is full of musical rhythm and treats on the surroundings of everyday life.

The title composition, ‘Wanetka,’ is well worth the price of the entire seventy-seven beautiful poems which the volume contains.

Two others which are perfect gems and deserving of especial notice, are those on ‘The Dark and Bloody Ground,’ and ‘Santa Claus.’ They are almost too true to be termed poetry but are facts in rhyme and should be read and re-read by everyone, as they contain valuable lessons for all.

Whether a lover of poetry or not no one can fail to enjoy reading every verse in this book.”—Olive Hill, Ky., Times.

“The work contains a large number of well written poems.”—Christian Helper.

“They run the entire gamut of human feeling.”—New Era.

THE MYSTIC THREE.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Desire for association
Was given man at his creation,
And from association grew
A "Friendship," that was tried and true.

Not such as that displayed by Cain,
Who sacrificed in hope of gain,
But such as Abel's tender heart
Prompted him to set apart
The firstlings of his flock and herd,
To show true friendship for the lord.

'Tis by such friendship, seeds are sown
From which the plants of "Love" are grown;
Such love removes from death its pall,
And sheds its fragrance free to all.

Now "Truth," the third link in our chain,
Is taught for "Love" and not for gain.
"Truth," "Love," and "Friendship," each are
taught
By three small links together wrought,
And in those links we often see
These mystic letters: F. L. T.

POSTALITIS.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

The strangest fad the world has had
Since reign of 'pendicitis,
Now comes by mail on stage and rail;
We've nam'd it Postalitis;
For it was bred, it has been said,
By trav'lers with a mania,
To send back home a view of some
Quaint scene in old Germania.
And it has spread from head to head,
'Til now it all the craze is,
And it afflicts, with senseless tricks,
Of many, many phases.

The germ oft lurks in city clerks
Whence it spreads to the country,
Where pretty girls with bangs and curls
Must bear with the effrontery,
Of such vain dudes whose card includes
The germ of Postalitis;
But soon they learn to yearn and yearn
For him who so polite is,
And when he calls he finds the walls
All pitted with Carditis,
So if he please her form he'll squeeze,
For he her whole delight is.

And in her room if he should come—
This is no fancy fable—
Another lot he'll find she's got
In albums on the table.
In ev'ry nook he'll chance to look
A mix'd up mess the sight is,
So it is clear that all the year
She suffers with Carditis.
And if she wed that brainless head,
A cure is not effected;
They'll both begin to flood their kin
With cards that are infected.

'Tis thus this dread disease is spread;
The mail sack now a sight is;
Each coming train adds to the strain
Produced by the Carditis.
Some people swear and pull their hair,
'Til head and face a sight is,
And all because the postal laws
Don't quarantine Carditis.
From day to day I hear men say:
"In vain my heart contrite is;
With joy I hail all proper mail,
But d——d this Postalitis.

MODERN METHODS.

We want to build a new church,
The old one is too small,
Besides it's antiquated;
It has no banquet hall.
We'll put our heads together
With shoulders to the wheel,
And in the name of Zion
For ample means appeal.

We'll need some fine glass windows
And pictures for the wall;
But these our wealthy brothers
Will willingly install,
If we will let the donors
The names therein inscribe
Of some departed lov'd ones,
Who recently have died.

Then, too, some wealthy widow,
Whose husband fell asleep,
Will want to give a panel
His memory to keep,
And in its place a token
More lasting than a tear,
His age and death engraven
Upon an empty chair.

The Sunday School will help us
 With nickels and with dimes;
And sisters will set dinners
 With cake and cream side lines.
We thus will reach the masses,
 And make them give a part,
By filling first the stomach,
 We'll warm the icy heart.

We'll give some entertainments
 And run a grand bazaar;
We'll show a solid phalanx
 Like soldiers march to war.
We'll set for all those giving
 Above a certain poll,
In cryptograph a tablet,
 And call it honor roll.

Perhaps some sister churches,
 Whose debts have long been paid,
Will, for the sake of Jesus,
 Give us a little aid.
But home and foreign missions,
 If need be, we'll side-track,
And use up all collections
 'Til nothing more we lack.

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to the kindly hand that presents

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THE HAWK'S NEST, WEST VIRGINIA.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

No painter's brush or poet's pen
Has drawn a picture, fair
As Nature spreads o'er hill and glen,
When autumn days are here.

The forest leaves, in varied hue,
Are beauteous to behold;
They shine through atmosphere of blue
Like emerald and gold.

While here and there a crimson tint
Relieves the monotone,
And barren spots show the imprint
Of solid cliffs of stone.

Here mountains end in rugged peaks
To kindly ope' a door,
Through which New River, fed by creeks,
Must dash with deaf'ning roar.

Upon those craggy mountains high,
The eagles build their nest,
And teach their young the art to fly,
When weary, here they rest.

Those peaks are lifted up so high
They catch the sun's first ray,
And view him last in ev'ning sky,
At close of ev'ry day.

Though storm clouds battle far below
And smite the mountain side,
Upon those heights, the eagles know
The sunlight will abide.

From off yon overhanging rock,
Where slimy serpents creep,
Two lovers, at restraint to mock,
Once made a fatal leap.

And lest their rashness be forgot
Its memory we keep,
By often pointing to that spot,
And call it "Lovers' Leap."

And still, we view another knob,
Much steeper than the rest,
No one dare undertake the job
Of robbing the Hawk's Nest.

Since, with our mortal eyes, we saw
The grandeur there displayed,
Our hearts are fill'd with sacred awe,
We've come away dismayed.

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"If we could have foreseen the trials and vicissitudes of life, no terror, that ever came into our minds at thought of leaving this world, could equal that we would have experienced at thought of coming into it."—Selected.

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Many good men have died before their greatness was discovered, and many bad men have been undeservedly praised while living. Our greatest men were gifts from heaven, sent to meet an emergency.

He, only, is great who observes the importance of little things; many ships have been lost at sea from failure to stop small leaks.

THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF A BOOK.

From "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics."

Let me thank thee, gracious lady,
For thy kind and thoughtful care,
For the volume that thou gavest me,
My lonely hours to cheer.

As I ponder o'er the pages
Of that interesting book,
I perceive, throughout all ages,
Love is recognized by look.

And it speaks a higher language
Than was ever wrote by pen;
Prudence tries in vain to manage
Acts of loving maids and men.

While Miss Prudence, we admire,
And her rules try to obey,
Yet our hearts are set on fire
By thy smiles, from day to day.

May our friendship be as lasting
As the vaulted, starry heaven,
Which is darkness, when contrasting
It with light thy smiles have given.

THE MOTE AND BEAM.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Old Granger had a cow
That was a source of bliss,
'Til clover hay, from mow,
Gave her tuberc'losis.
Alas! no more that cow
Can eat his clover dust;
Her hide is leather now,
And flesh made wienerwu'st.
For Granger sold that cow—
As healthy—to the Trust,
And that explains just how
Her flesh made wienerwu'st.

Now as the gull'd Beef Trust
Ships beef to ev'ry state,
Old Granger says, "we must
Their business regulate."
He wants the Trust to buy
His cattle, when diseas'd,
And if the price is high
He's all the better pleas'd;
But when they try to sell
Those same old cows, in beef,
He'll raise a mighty yell,
To Congress for relief.

If hungry, why not come today,
And dinner take at our cafe?
It is the best in town, they say;
Our place is known as "The Midway."

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On being asked how he kept his name before the public he said, "I stand in with one of the reporters for our city paper and when a patient comes to me to be treated I have him note the fact in the paper. Then, in a few days thereafter, I get him to report the patient has returned home greatly benefitted."

That was a good advertising scheme, but hard on the editor.

DREAMLAND.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Conscious oblivion, thou mother of bliss,
My senses, to thee, I resign;
No nectar so sweet as a dream maiden's kiss,
No pleasure more truly sublime.

The absence of prude, from that realm of the soul,
Where only affinities meet,
Makes abandon no crime, but sanctified goal,
True love makes abandon discreet.

Might I but enter that Lethe-lav'd land,
Where mind roams at will o'er the plain,
And nymphs gaily dance on the glittering strand,
Enraptur'd, I there would remain.

None wish to return to this sin knowing sphere,
Where mortals must wear a disguise;
And Prudence says: "Beauty is always more clear
When partly conceal'd from the eyes."

Oh! languor of Morphia, my senses enthrall,
Transport me at once, to that land;
Where dream-maiden kisses, like honey-dew, fall,
And joy never waits for command.

THANKSGIVING.

Since earth was form'd and time began,
The world has seen no purer man
Than He, to whom we set apart
This day, with joyous, thankful heart;
His name, henceforth throughout the ages,
Shall honor'd be by all the sages.

The shackles from sin's slaves He broke,
And freed us from sin's galling yoke;
And for His death that set us free
We find great cause to thankful be;
And tune our hearts to sing His praise
Who fills our years with holy days.

We thank Him for His matchless grace,
By which we see His smiling face.
We thank Him for the dews and rain
That fill our garners full of grain.
We thank Him for our life and health,
Both which we value more than wealth.

We thank Him for His guiding star
That lights our course in peace and war.
And if He choose to send us death,
We'll thank Him with our failing breath;
And when from death He sets us free,
We'll thank Him in Eternity.

FLOUR

Friendship, Like Our "Unbleached Refined,"
Lasts, longest, in the heart and mind
Of those deserving it, You'll find
"Unbleached" is made from finest wheat,
"Refined" and fit for kings to eat.

When your grocer offers you something he says is
as good as a "Purified Kentucky Home Flour,"
he does so because he is making more money on
a cheaper grade.

If he has'nt the "Kentucky Home" let us know
and we will tell you where you can get it.

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Lordier

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The grocer sells to the hotel,
The hotel sells to me,
The druggist keeps my body well
With drugs from poison free.
The merchants and the tradesmen, too,
Who herein advertise,
Will prove their statements made are true,
If them you'll patronize.

SANTA CLAUS.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! where have you flown?
None of your presents my stockings have known;
My mamma is sick and papa is dead;
Santa Claus! Santa Claus! where have you fled?
I see you have visited Millionaire Brown,
And all the rich children that live in the town;
While I am so hungry I wish I were dead.
Santa Claus! Santa Claus! please bring me some bread.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! where do you live?
Why costly presents to rich children give?
While many a child, whose papa is dead,
Would thank thee so much for one loaf of bread?
Santa Claus! Santa Claus! I dream'd in the night,
That you were the friend of the black and the white,
And I thought, dear Santa, the tears that I shed
Had open'd your pack and supplied us with bread.

But when the glad news my mamma I told
She said not a word, but lay stiff and cold;
I could not wake her, so crawl'd out of bed,
O! then I could see my mamma was dead!!
Then soon to the house came a whole lot of men
Who asked many questions, they wrote with a pen;

I screamed in my anguish, the neighbors all said,
And when they came over they found she was dead.
The doctor look'd wise, and drew out a book
In which he wrote something a fat man took;
Some look'd very sad—others kept scoffing—
And took my mamma off in a coffin.
Oh! Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what shall I do
Since the death man has took my sweet mamma too?
And only just think what the doctor man said;
He wrote it down plainly, "starvation" it read.

My eyes are open, the veil is riven,
The poor of earth are saints in heaven
With plenty to eat and bright robes to wear
In that happy home—no want enters there.
And now I see mamma, she's dress'd all in white,
And beckons me to her with smiles of delight;
I'm coming dear mamma, the doctor man said
That God and the angels would give me some bread.

Angels are coming, I see them afar,
Descending to earth from each distant star;
Nearer and nearer they come in their flight,
The glint of their garments dispelling the night.
Now see them in groups, as they stand 'round my bed,
And feed me on manna, much sweeter than bread;
They tell me in heaven, where God makes the laws,
There's plenty for all, and a just Santa Claus.

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A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE.

Knock, and the world will open
To thee, its portals wide;
Boost, and the world will boost thee,
And all thine evils hide.
For the world is like a mirror,
It gives thee look for look,
Or like the hidden echoes,
From the hill across the brook.

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A TWOFOLD LIFE.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

We live a twofold life, I know,
And thus the fact will plainly show;
The weary frame on downy bed
To Argon's plain, in sleep is led;
The atmosphere therein so calm
Soon all our waking thoughts embalm.

No living mortal so astute
As to with ease, that fact dispute.
Our waking thoughts we keep subdued
Lest some we love should call us rude;
But while to sleep our body's lent,
The mind knows no such ambient.

And though our first be lying mute,
Our second being is argute;
When thus in death the body lies
The mind moves on and never dies;
Our bodies may to dust return,
But minds will ever live and learn.

— :: —

"There are some splendid poems in the book with an exalted moral sentiment."—Davis Co. Baptist.

NO ONE WORKS BUT FATHER.

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

Mother's at the seashore, fann'd by balmy breeze,
Sitting in the shadow of the waving trees;
With her wits evolving out a cunning plan
How to get more money from her patient man.

CHORUS

Father's in the city grinding out the dough,
Meeting the expenses; he can never go.
No one works but father, he puts up the dimes
So his stylish fam'ly keeps up with the times.
Oldest daughter, Ethel's at a watering place,
Angling for a husband, with her pretty face.
Fred, with launch, is plowing through the ocean wave,
Caring not how father works to earn and save.

CHORUS.

Father's in the city, grinding out the dough,
Meeting the expenses; he can never go.
No one works but father, he puts up the dimes,
So his stylish fam'ly keeps up with the times.
Maud and Grace and Pauline, kept in boarding school,
Learning airs and graces, men of brains to fool;
When the season's over, home they come once more,
All agree that father is a dreadful bore.

CHORUS.

Father's in the city, grinding out the dough,
Meeting the expenses; he can never go.
No one works but father, he puts up the dimes,
So his stylish fam'ly keeps up with the times.

ASHLAND LEATHER COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

OAK SOLE LEATHER

Phone 5. ASHLAND, KY.

He asked a maid these questions:

"What makes you look forlorn,
Can it be indigestion?"

She said, "I've got a corn!"

She looked a bit confused;

'Twas not a look of scorn,

She suffered, but refused

To let him take that corn.

B. C. EDGELL

—::—

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CONFECTIONER**

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ASHLAND, KY.

DRAFTS.

The needs of the poor are the God-given drafts,
True charity honors at sight;
No heaven-born creature at poverty laughs,
Nor grudgingly yields up a mite;
They find it more blessed to give than receive,
Though naught they should get in return;
E'en thankful expression from those they relieve
Is absent, too often, they learn.

ROSS & CHATFIELD
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A publisher reading a poet's rendition,
 Bethought him to write his opinion in rhyme;
He took up his pen in humble contrition,
 But anger crept in at the end of each line.
He scolded the epic, he damn'd the reformer,
 He seasoned love lyrics with wormwood and gall;
He frightened the wits out of ev'ry newcomer
 Who for his opinion would venture to call.
This editor poet, this prose writing poet,
 Who gives his opinion in rhyme;
Then sets it in prose—but ev'ry one knows—
 Such critics are guilty of crime.

He thinks all the poets are vulgar and base,
 Even Shakespeare, Byron and Moore,
Have only in Hades a suitable place
 In spite of their wisdom and lore;
But damn such a poet, such prose writing poet,
 Who gives his opinion in rhyme,
Then sets it in prose, since ev'ry one knows,
 Such critics are guilty of crime.

A WEST VIRGINIA WEDDING.

Miss Stella Lee
Was sweet to see,
Though downcast were her looks;
As up she stood
And vow'd she would
Obey young Freddie Brooks.

And Freddie, too,
Was firm and true,
And said he'd ever be
A faithful friend,
And prompt attend
The wants of Stella Lee.

Then Harkins old,
A preacher bold,
Declared those two were one;
And so through life,
As man and wife,
Might share each other's fun.

The form he used
Must be excused,
'Twas short but cover'd well;
The law, and fact—
With equal tact
We've tried the news to tell.

MATING TIME

From "Wanetka, and Other Poems."

The winter, so long and cold, has past,
And the snows have melted and gone,
And the swelling buds proclaim at last
That Spring, in its beauty, has come.

Since time of the singing bird is here,
The dew sparkles bright on the grass;
As Spring is the "Mating Time" of year,
Love beams in the eye of each lass.

The few lovely days that March had stole
From April's bright galaxy, grand,
Awoke in ye bard's long dormant soul,
A hope that sweet Spring was at hand.

He wrote of swelling buds and flowers,
Of the sparkling dew on the grass;
Of zephyrs soft, and gentle showers,
And the winsome smile of the lass.

A maiden open'd her mouth to sing,
But ere she could reach the refrain
Where sleet and snow gave way to Spring,
Boreas brought winter again.

WANETKA, AND OTHER POEMS

Is a volume of 217 pages, illustrated with eleven full page engravings, made expressly for it, and contains poems on the following subjects:

A Twofold Life.	Kittie Folsom.
A Glorious Fourth.	Little Gladys Pitts.
Ambition.	Lines on Presentation of a Picture.
A Frolicksome Flea.	March.
A Temperance Alphabet.	Mating Time.
Anticipation.	Maud in the Coal Mine.
Bereavement.	Miss Bessie Hyrn.
Chickamauga.	Multum in Parvo.
Cumberland Gap.	Nature's God.
Choristers.	Nothing in Vain.
Cupid and Hymen.	No One Works But Father.
Dorcus.	Obsequies.
Disgusted.	Oh! For a Hundred Eyes.
Dolly's Outing.	On Der Bum.
Dreamland.	Postalitis.
Easter.	Pro Bono Publico.
Eden.	Resurrection.
Extremes Meet.	Santa Claus.
Galilee.	See How We Grow.
Hope.	Shinar.
Introductory.	Slay the Dragon.
In Memoriam.	Sunset On the Ohio.
John Sevier.	The Bitter Dregs.
The Broad and Narrow Way.	The Mystic Three.
The Big Stick.	The Modern Woodmen.
Tennessee.	

The Dark and Bloody Ground.
 The Humming Birds.
 The Hyacinth.
 That Helpmeet of Mine.
 The Lord's Supper.
 The Lillies.
 The Toper's Lament.
 Their Works Endure.
 The Mote and Beam.
 The Merry Widow Hat.
 The Old Church For Rent.
 The Old Spring House.
 The M. B. A.

The Rindling Brook.
 The School Marm.
 The Cardinal.
 The Violets She Wore.
 Unsounded Depths.
 'Way Down in Carolina.
 Waves of Thought.
 Wanetka.
 Was It A Dream?
 What Makes Kentucky Great.
 Where Prohibition Wins.
 Who Hath Woes.
 Wild Asters.



The book is embellished with the following full page illustrations, engraved expressly for it by "Gregson," of Lexington, Ky.

Frontispiece: The Author.
 In Carolina.
 Iron Mountain Cave.
 Monument to Confederate
 Dead.
 National Road, Cumberland
 Gap.

Pioneer Industry.
 Reflections.
 The Peaceful Lake.
 The Pinnacle.
 The Violets She Wore.
 Wanetka.

FREAKS.

My sister, Kate, is busy,
 She has no time for play;
Her time not spent in sewing,
 She uses to crochet.
But Tom and Sue and Nancy,
 Will spend the longest day,
Just knocking balls with mallets,
 In game they call croquet.

Now Tom's my eldest brother,
 And true as e'er they get;
While Sue is but a cousin,
 A gay but fair coquette;
And Nancy is my sister,
 The youngest and the pet,
A critic in such matters
 Would call her a brunette.

I have another cousin,
 A youth quite heavy set,
Who sometimes plays with Nancy,
 His name is Degournette.
His head is white as cotton
 From fright he got one day
At witnessing a train wreck,
 In front of his cafe.

ORIGINAL POEMS, RHYMES AND ACROSTICS

Consists of Poems and Acrostics on the following subjects, many of which are too lengthy to give in this little volume of sample verse:

Absence.	Dawson Springs.
Act As You Pray.	Dedication.
Advice to Blaine.	Delay.
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Advice to Sam H.	Diplomacy.
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Advice in Parting.	Economy.
A Dun For Five Dollars.	Emotion.
A Dream.	Fairy Scenes.
After Forty Years.	Friendship, Love and Truth.
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Air Castles.	Goehelism.
After Many Days.	Go Forward.
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Bennie.	If I But Might.
Brother Wheat.	Inconstancy.
Both Sides.	In A Hammock.
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Jesus.
Joseph.
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Love's Bower.
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Love's Delirium.
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Lulu Hall.
Magic Balm.
Married in Haste.
Mary L. Calvin.
Meditation.
Mental Telepathy.
Mr. Bell's Baby.
Miss Dea.
Miss May.
Miss Pearl.
My Darling.
Miss Tommie DeKnoblough.
My Mary.
My Typo.
My Dear Old Southern Home.
Never Fear.
On The Picture Of A Mill.

Our Departed Mother.
Our Own Dewey.
Parting.
Penitence.
Predestination.
Query.
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Rhapsodies.
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Smiles and Words of Cheer.
Spoony.
The Days of Yore.
The Heart of Stone.
The Suicide's Reasons.
The Railroad of Life.
The Old, Old Story.
The Fickle Friend.
The Hawk's Nest.
The Scamps.
The Honey Bee.
The Four Seasons.
The Unjust Judge.
The Finishing Touch.

The Republican Party.
The Democratic Party.
The Tariff Wall of Dixon.
The Rosebud That I Never
Got.
The Word That Never Was
Said.
The Saloon Man's Plea.
The New Boarder.
That Liver.
Temptation.
Though Dead, She Liveth.

Thanks For The Loan of a
Book.
Tribute to Goebel.
That Corn.
Two In One.
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To him within whose brain is wrought
The pleasure born of purer thought,
This aged bard would gladly yield
The crown, the scepter, spear and shield,

For though he drink Castalia dry
To cure his muse of leprosy,
Or dip his pen in Hippocrene,
Some critic still might cry, unclean.

Though rhyme and meter both be fine,
And truth pervade each word and line,
Dispelling darkness with its light,
Condemning wrong and praising right.

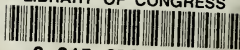
Still critics' hands might be so bold
As to entwine such threads of gold
With tinsel, made of worthless brass,
By placing them in A. B.'s class.

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